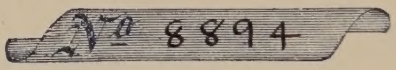
JOSEPH E. ROY

REFERENCE LIBRARY

OF THE

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

WHITEWATER, WISCONSIN.




Bought ..... 15 S ... 1908 ..

Students of the Normal School are allowed to draw the books for use at their rooms on the following conditions:

1. No book must be taken from the library until it has been properly charged to the student drawing it.

2. Books must not be kept more than *one week* without special permission. Books on the Reserved list can be kept but one night.

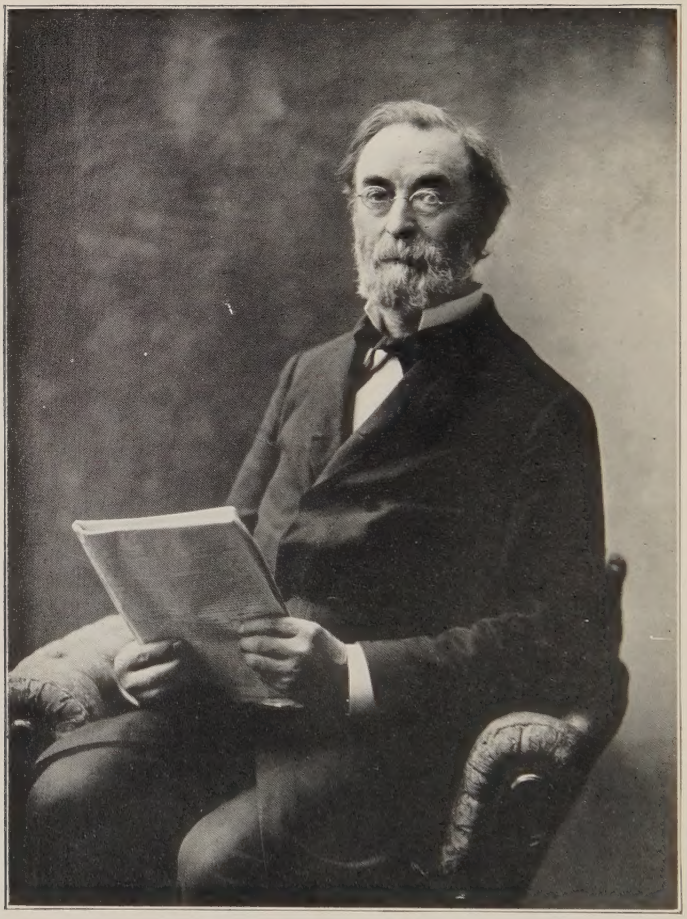
3. Encyclopedias, Dictionaries, Gazetteers, and other reference books are never to be drawn except by special permission.

HAROLD ANDERSEN LIBRARY
UNIV OF WISC-WHITEWATER
WHITEWATER, WI 53190

JOSEPH EDWIN ROY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/josephedwinroy180000will



JOSEPH EDWIN ROY.

# JOSEPH EDWIN ROY

1827—1908

## A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF GOD AND OF HIS OWN GENERATION

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY BY
WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.
WITH TRIBUTES FROM SOME OF THOSE WHO KNEW HIM

---

BX
7260
R88B3

PURITAN PRESS
OAK PARK, ILL.
1908

8894

# CONTENTS.

## A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOSEPH E. ROY, D. D.


| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I. | His Early Life | 7 |
| II. | The Pilgrim Pastor | 12 |
| III. | With the American Missionary Association | 22 |
| IV. | A Man of Vision | 35 |
| V. | The Golden Wedding | 38 |
| VI. | The Sunset and the Afterglow | 43 |


## ADDRESSES AT THE FUNERAL.


VII. An American Without Guile ..... 49
Rev. Frank N. White, D. D.

VIII. As His College Remembers Him ..... 59
Pres. Thomas McClelland, President of Knox College.

IX. A Friend of Humanity ..... 54
Rev. Charles A. Ryder, D. D., Secretary of the A. M. A.

X. A Servant of God and of His Generation ..... 61
Rev. William E. Barton, D. D.


## TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF DR. ROY.


XI. As a Man and a Minister ..... 68
Rev. F. A. Noble, D. D., at Chicago Ministers' Union.

XII. As the Churches Knew Him ..... 76
Rev. Simeon Gilbert, D. D., at Chicago Congregational Association.

CHAPTER PAGE

XIII. As a Man Among his Fellowmen.....84
Rev. A. N. Hitchcock, D. D., at Chicago Congregational Club.

XIV. As Home Missionary Superintendent.....87
Rev. George T. McCollum, for the Illinois Home Missionary Society.

XV. A Patriot and the Son of Patriots.....89
The Illinois Society Sons of the American Revolution.

XVI. A Tribute from the Southland.....94

XVII. Other Tributes .....96

# JOSEPH EDWIN ROY, D. D.

## A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

### I. HIS EARLY LIFE.

Joseph Edwin Roy was born in Martinsburg, Ohio, February 7, 1827, and died in Oak Park, Ill., March 4, 1908. He was the son of John Roy, a man of strong character, who later became a pioneer merchant in the Rock River town of Lyndon. The family was of Huguenot descent and sprang from Joseph Roy, who fled from persecution and came to Boston in 1711, and afterward lived in New Jersey. With this first Joseph came a young son John, who became an influential citizen in New Jersey, and was known as "Judge Roy." He was a magistrate in colonial days, and more than one of his five sons, among them Joseph, the great-grandfather of Joseph Edwin, fought in the Revolution. On his mother's side also, Dr. Roy was of Revolutionary descent, being a great-grandson of Joseph Davis, a soldier from

Connecticut Farms, New York. The family was marked by enterprise, patriotism, religious earnestness and stability of purpose.

John Roy lived an active life at Lyndon, and his son Joseph shared with him in the vicissitudes and varieties of pioneer experience on the prairies. The father was not only a merchant but hotel keeper and county clerk. He was active in public affairs, and, even in that early day, was a temperance man and an abolitionist. He had been a school teacher, and his children inherited a love of learning. He had been a Presbyterian, but the church at Lyndon was Congregational, and he and his wife joined it, and there the son Joseph had his nurture in the Christian life.

It was late in the fall of 1841 that he consciously entered the Christian life. He was then a boy of fourteen years, and was a clerk in his father's store, at Lyndon. His mother, whose maiden name was Elvira Davis, died in his early childhood; and his father married, in 1839, Martha J. Foster. She was of New England descent, and had been a school teacher; and she proved a good mother to her husband's children. It was a time of great agitations. The temperance movement was rising over the land, and the anti-slavery meetings were popular, and religious revivals following the panic of 1837 swept through the new settlements. Dr. Roy looked back upon his boy-

hood life in that frontier village, and said: "I have often thought it a great Providential favor that I was taken out of the highly conservative atmosphere in Ohio, and set down in a place where the air was charged with revival and reform ideas."

In the summer of 1840, he was much moved in a revival meeting conducted by an evangelist named Gallagher; and the following summer, learning that a session of the presbytery, which was to be held with the Congregational church at Lyndon, was to be followed by protracted meetings, he agreed with himself in advance to make that the time to become a Christian, but let the time go by. Some weeks of struggle followed, during which the step-mother and an aunt pleaded with him—the father being then absent on a journey to Ohio—and at length, by his own fireside, he confessed his faith in Christ, in a covenant which lasted through the years. The next night, in a young people's meeting, he made his public confession; and at the January communion of the Lyndon church, in 1842, he entered into fellowship with the Church.

Almost immediately he decided to go into the ministry. The thought was suggested to him by his aunt, whom he looked upon as his spiritual mother. His father concurred in the plan, and Mr. Hazard, the pastor of the church, encouraged

it; and, almost before the boy knew it, a boarding place had been secured for him in the academy at Geneseo, Illinois. He attended that school nine months, working for his board, sawing wood, milking cows, taking care of the horses, and in the summer time caring for the garden. He hauled lumber and worked as a carpenter, and mingled adventures of labor and travel with his lessons in Latin and Greek. He broke down in his first public declamation, but continued to practice speaking in public; and, on the Fourth of July, 1844, at a public celebration, he read the Declaration of Independence. On the very next day he started on horseback to Galesburg, to enter college. He forded the Green river on his way, and entered Galesburg in mud so deep that he had to leave the road and go through a field.

Knox College was in its infancy. He boarded in a club, in which each boy furnished his share of the provisions, and the matron charged them 25 cents a week for cooking and serving. In the latter part of his college course he secured board at the rate of $1 a week in cash, or $1.12 if he paid in provisions. He worked through his vacations in the hay field or the wagon shop, and in term time he sawed wood, hoed in gardens, and performed manual labor with the other young men of the school. Such work was common to

boys getting an education in those days, and it made strong men.

While in college he was a charter member of the Adelphi Society and practiced public speaking. He records of himself that he was a "quiet, retiring youth, little given to social life," though already he had formed his acquaintance with Emily Stearns Hatch, whom later he was to marry. He playfully records that he could not have been lower down in his class than number four, as there were only three other members in the class.

Following his graduation, he returned to his boyhood home in Lyndon, where he taught a public school. It was a large school, and most of the time he required an assistant. He had a few pupils in Latin and in Greek as well as those in the common branches, and occasionally he preached in some of the settlements not far from his boyhood home. He considered for a time the question of devoting his life to teaching, but held to his purpose to enter the ministry, and saved his money for a course of study in the theological seminary.

On the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of his father, July 31, 1898, Dr. Roy published a memorial booklet entitled, "Honor Thy Father." In it he told the story of his childhood home, and of the sturdy and honest pioneer who made that

home on the Illinois prairies. He also paid a warm tribute to the mother of his childhood, and to the step-mother, whom also he loved. In this he took occasion to rebuke the unjust and cruel sentiment that allows step-mothers to be made the butt of mirth and reproach. He said:

"I have made quite a close study of this matter, and the mass of foster-mothers, as I have observed them, have been noble, self-forgetting, faithful and loving."

It is good to know that in that home no bitterness came with the second mother; that the two sets of children grew up as one family; and that lifelong memories which he cherished were happy and inspiring.

### II. THE PILGRIM PASTOR.

In September, 1850, Joseph E. Roy took the stage from his father's door for Chicago. At St. Charles, the western terminus, he transferred to the Northwestern railroad and traveled on it to the city. It was his first sight of a locomotive. From Chicago he crossed the lake by steamer, and, partly by rail and partly by the Hudson, he made his exhilarating journey to New York. During his seminary course he preached at times in the prison at Blackwell's Island, and also occasionally in the almshouse, and during the last six months for a colored Presbyterian church in

Brooklyn. He was graduated from college at the age of twenty-one, but on account of his two years' teaching was twenty-five when he left the theological seminary and returned to work in his native State.

His Eastern experience had done much for him; it had broadened his outlook; had enabled him to hear eminent preachers, among the rest, Henry Ward Beecher; had brought him into touch with large national movements, and sent him back to his own State well equipped for service. Already the lines of his life work were laid down, and he was being led in many ways whose destination he knew not.

The week of his graduation from Union Theological Seminary in June, 1853, was a strenuous one. He delivered his graduating address in New York, and hastened to Chicago, where on the following Sunday he preached in the First and Plymouth Churches. The frame building of the First Church burned down that night and he barely saved his sermon, and that with some scorching of its edges. Plymouth heard him with an interest which was not satisfied till two years later he became its pastor. Turning from the smoking embers of First Church on Monday he went by train to La Salle; thence by steamer to Peoria; then by carriage to Farmington, where he married Miss Emily Stearns Hatch, whom he had

known in Knox College. The two hurried across to Galesburg, where he delivered his master's oration, and rolled up his new diploma, Master of Arts with his marriage certificate. Then the young couple drove seventy-five miles to the old home at Lyndon, which they reached within little more than a week after his graduation in New York. That was fast time for those days, and it was a pace which Dr. and Mrs. Roy kept up for many years.

For fifty-five years these two servants of God wrought together. Often she "tarried with the stuff" while he went to and fro, performing the varied duties that fell to him as pioneer pastor, and later as secretary. And she survives him, serene in the faith which they shared so long, the faith in which he lived and died.

Dr. Roy's marriage was celebrated June 21, 1853. The year was full of dates recorded in a book which he left for his children and grandchildren. He was licensed by the New York and Brooklyn Association April 6, 1853, and he was one of six who were chosen out of a class of twenty-six to speak at his graduation on June 15. His subject was "Christianity—Progressive and Conservative." He recorded that it "made the faculty squirm a little," for it was somewhat advanced in doctrine and contained some of his views against slavery. His first pastorate was

REV. JOSEPH E. ROY, AGED 58.

in Brimfield, Ill., where he began work September 1, 1853, in a church then under the care of the American Missionary Association, a pastorate prophetic of his life work. There he completed a church building and tested the theories which he had formed, among the rest his anti-slavery theories; for on Sunday, April 11, 1854, he prayed publicly for the wanderer and the outcast, and that night a fugitive slave wakened him with a plea for shelter. He kept the fugitive, and next night took him on his way in his own buggy. He had frequent occasion to do like acts in later years.

At the end of two years he accepted a call to the pastorate of Plymouth Church, Chicago. We are fortunate in knowing what he preached; for a year after his installation he delivered a sermon on the text, "Now of the things which we have spoken this is the sum," in which he reviewed the preaching of the year; and it was a year of strong and clear theology of what was then new school, and a year of instruction in love for humanity; for he taught his people to vote for abolition, and rejoiced that in the year 1856 Chicago had gone on record in favor of freedom. In summing up the effects of his work he drew his pen through a line that spoke of the influence of his sermons "at the ballot-box," but the spirit of it was diffused in the sermon.

More than that of any other man, excepting possibly his friend, Rev. G. S. F. Savage, the life of Rev. Dr. Joseph E. Roy was identified with the whole work of the Congregational Churches in Illinois and adjacent states. Dr. Roy's life since 1839 has been closely related to the life of this state; for it was in that year that he came, a child of twelve, to the new home established by his father at Lyndon, on Rock River. Entering the ministry here in 1853, when Chicago Association was only a year old, he shared the whole of the development of our church life from that early time to the larger achievements of these later years. All of this he saw, and a part of it he was.

Early in his travels in the ministry, for from the first he was a traveler, Dr. Roy began his "Pilgrim Letters," which, more than any other agency in their day, interpreted the progress of the churches of the interior to the centers of denominational strength in the East. A stalwart Puritan, and a staunch believer in democracy, he loved the name "Pilgrim," and his life work became a pilgrimage.

In order to understand the Congregational movement in Illinois at that period, it is necessary to remember something of national events, and the relation of these to church life. In 1801 the Congregational Churches of Connecticut en-

tered into a Plan of Union with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church for work in the new settlements. It was a plan conceived in the most generous spirit on both sides, but each side had ample occasion to repent of it. As for the Presbyterians, it cost them much of trial through the "New School" theology, to which the Congregationalists generally adhered; and the Congregationalists remember it as having lost to them a large number of churches, many of which are now strong, which through affiliation with Presbytery became Presbyterian.

Two sets of causes tended to the final abrogation of this plan. One was the demand for more liberty of doctrine on the part of the New School. The other was the growing protest against complicity with slave holding churches. While Joseph E. Roy was a student in theology in New York, these relations approached a crisis. It was the renaissance of Congregationalism, finding its new birth in its love of freedom. Dr. Roy has written of this period:

"In 1852, October 5-8, as a student from Union Seminary, at Albany, N. Y., I attended a general convention of Congregationalists which has entered into our church nomenclature as 'The Albany Convention,' which numbered 469 members from all parts of the east and west. This Convention had for its procuring cause the ques-

tion whether eastern Congregationalists would fellowship with those of the west. The Plan of Union was completely annulled. When the eastern people came to confer with their western brethren they warmed up on finding they were of their own sort. And so James, Cephas and John, who seemed to be pillars, gave to the men of the west the right hand of fellowship.

"About this time there came up another influence that worked strongly toward the reaction in favor of the Congregational way. It was the rising tide of anti-slavery sentiment which called for opportunity to bear organic witness against complicity with the iniquities of slave holding. The Presbyterian Church was conservative and could not speak out either in individual churches or minor ecclesiastical bodies until the great wheel of the General Assembly should come around in its revolution. But with the Congregational system local churches and minor associations, conferences and conventions could act at once without waiting for any other logy body to take the lead or to fall in. In this way the more pronounced anti-slaveryism of the Congregational Churches could get in its testimony and secure a church life that would be effective at once in its bearing upon the monster national crime. By this characteristic constitutional difference the Congregational Churches found them-

selves on the slavery issue far out of the woods a long time before the Presbyterian got through. Such had been the leavening influence upon that issue in our scattered local churches that when they came together in our Ecumenical Council, the Albany Convention, in 1852, on the subject of missionary aid to churches in slave-holding states, the action of 469 delegates brought together in this orderly way was absolutely unanimous, as follows:

"'Resolved, that in the opinion of this Convention, it is the tendency of the Gospel, wherever it is preached in its purity, to correct all social evils, and to destroy sin in all its forms; and that it is the duty of Missionary Societies to grant aid to churches in slave-holding states, in the support of such ministers only as shall so preach the Gospel and inculcate the principles and application of Gospel discipline that with the blessing of God it shall have its full effect in awakening and enlightening the moral sense in regard to slavery, and in bringing to pass the speedy abolition of that stupendous wrong; and that, wherever a minister is not permitted so to preach, he should, in accordance with the directions of Christ in such cases, depart out of that city.'

"So the rise of Congregationalism in Chicago, as well as in many other parts of our country,

was found to synchronize with these two confluent forces—the passing of the Plan of Union and the rise of the anti-slavery tide. On the Fourth of July the First Church was accustomed to hold a prayer meeting for emancipation which we of the Plymouth loved to attend. The Plymouth Church on the night of the day of John Brown's execution, held a memorial service in the interests of emancipation in which Robert Collyer participated and also John Wentworth. It was these two churches that took the lead in calling that memorable Chicago convention in Bryan Hall to memorialize President Lincoln in the interest of a proclamation. Dr. Patton wrote and I had the honor of circulating the call for all who would favor such a proclamation. I found it a delight to see the ready appreciation of the thing by the most influential business men. The ministers of all Protestant denominations approved it in their meetings, except the Presbyterians. They claimed not to be ready to ask directly for such a proclamation, but preferred to discuss the question, and so they were not in that mighty outpouring of the people which made Judge Otis president and other such men his associates, and which appointed Dr. Dempster of Evanston and Dr. Patton to carry the memorial to the President of the United States. As

they came home Dr. Patton set his people to praying at morning service and while they were praying the proclamation came. Not long after, Joseph Medill, of *The Tribune,* told me that recently in Washington as he met Secretary Stanton, that majestic war magnate said to him, 'You tell those doctors in Chicago that their mission did the business, that Mr. Lincoln had been wavering up to that time, but after it he was all right.'

"And so this Chicago Association, in its Declaration of Principles, at the start, April, 1853, set forth:

" 'We believe that slave-holding, or holding our fellow beings as property, is an immorality in practice, and the defense of it is heresy in doctrine, either of which ought to be regarded as a disqualification for church fellowship.' "

It was in this time of upheaval, this period in which new doctrines were being forged in the furnace of a mighty national struggle, that Joseph E. Roy served as pastor of a growing church in the central city of America. He came to the kingdom for such a time as that was, and bore his testimony like a brave man in an hour that had need of strong men with wide vision, sympathetic hearts, and fearless purpose.

894

### III. WITH THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

After a pastorate of five years in Plymouth Church, Dr. Roy accepted a call by the American Missionary Association to a district secretaryship in the same city, but in a year and a half, by a change in national affairs, it was mutually agreed that he should accept a transfer to the Home Missionary Society, in which service he continued for eighteen years. In 1878—by mutual arrangement again—Dr. Roy was reappointed to the American Missionary Association as its field superintendent, and under his supervision of seven years some fifty churches were organized. In 1885 Dr. Roy was asked for the second time to take the office of district secretary at Chicago, which he did, holding it with great usefulness until 1903, when, at the age of seventy-six years, he was made secretary *emeritus*. He continued, however, as his strength would allow, to serve the association until his very last year, when he was practically laid aside by the infirmities of age.

It was this work for the colored people that became truly his life-work; and it is important that we trace the steps by which he was led to it. For it was no accident of propinquity or adventitious opportunity that made him the friend of the black man, but a providential call whose prophetic warnings had long before been uttered.

The first conscious influence that turned his mind toward the claims of the colored people was a series of addresses delivered by Rev. William T. Allen, in Mount Gilead, Ohio, when the family of John Roy lived in that village, just prior to their removal to Illinois. It was in the year 1834, and he was about seven years of age.

Rev. William T. Allen was a son of the Presbyterian pastor in Huntsville, Alabama, who, with his brother James, came to Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, while it yet had a literary course. There they became abolitionists, for which the father, being a slave-holder, disinherited them. The father was connected with the one General Assembly before the South broke off. These brothers went from Lane to Oberlin in connection with the rebellion at the former place, as they could not enjoy their liberty, the trustees of Lane having arbitrarily forbidden the students to discuss the question of slavery. William T. Allen came to Mt. Gilead in a winter vacation, lecturing upon the anti-slavery cause. He was entertained at the home of John Roy. He taught nothing radical, aiming mainly to appeal to the sympathies of the people in behalf of the slave. The boy Joseph heard and ever remembered somewhat of the story which he told. He was a very eloquent man, and produced a profound impres-

sion. On the third night of the lectures in the Presbyterian church a mob assembled to break him up. With squibs of powder, with musical instruments and hooting they broke up the lecture. On the way home from that lecture Mrs. Roy was walking between Mr. Allen and the boy, Joseph being then a lad of but seven years. The mob pursued them and threw egg shells filled with tar. When they arrived at their home they noticed the strong smell of tar, and soon found the occasion in the besmirching of the garments of Mrs. Roy and of Mr. Allen. Being on the farther side, the boy was not hit. The mob, supposing that the lecturer had gone to the home of an uncle, whose wife was John Roy's sister, in the course of the night displayed their sentiments by filling an earthen jar with filth and throwing it at the door. The cloak worn by Mrs. Roy was kept until a daughter, Ann, Mrs. Fearnside, started to Knox College with Joseph, whereupon the step-mother cut it over, leaving out the tarred parts, and fitted it up for her to wear to college.

When the family removed to Lyndon, Illinois, a settlement then but three years old, the first on the north side of the Rock river, they fell in among a community of abolitionists. Mr. Roy and his son were borne along by that tide of sentiment, John Roy as an old Whig adhering to Henry Clay as long as he could, finally came out

REV. JOSEPH E. ROY, 1853.

MRS. JOSEPH E. ROY. 1853.

on the liberty party side, a party antedating the Free Soil and the Republican parties. In the village shoe shop the father of Rev. S. F. Millikan had placards around the walls such as this from Thomas Jefferson, "WHEN I REMEMBER THAT GOD IS JUST, I TREMBLE FOR MY COUNTRY," referring to the matter of slavery. The boys of Lyndon drank in that spirit. When Joseph went to Geneseo to prepare for college he fell in with another little abolition colony which had come to plant education and religion in the west; and then when he went to Galesburg for college he was in the midst of the abolition flame.

The Missionary Association was organized at Albany, New York, in 1846, as the result of the rising tide of abolitionism, complaint being made that the old societies having more or less of complicity with slave-holding in receiving slave-holders to churches ministered to by their missionaries at home and abroad. The organization was a protest against all of that complicity.

In Union Seminary Mr. Roy and his college mate, C. F. Martin, finding that all the other missionary magazines were received and distributed around at the doors of the rooms, but that "The American Missionary" was not thus handled, took it upon themselves to procure that journal every month and carry it around separately.

Leaving the Seminary, from which he graduated with an anti-slavery address, he took a commission from the A. M. A. to labor with the little new church at Brimfield, Illinois, the salary being $450, $200 of which came from the A. M. A. While in that pastorate of two years, as the political party in power was moving to annul the Missouri Compromises which had fixed the northern boundary of slavery beyond Missouri by the southern line of that state, he preached a sermon from the text, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark," i. e., The Landmark of Freedom, the Missouri Compromise. Other such sermons were preached on that line as Kansas and Nebraska were in the throes of rebellion against the slave power which was throttling the liberty of those two territories. Also in that time he received the black man to his home in the night, as he rapped at the door, and in his buggy carried him along to the next station.

In the fall of 1855 he was called to the Plymouth Church in Chicago, which two years before had been organized on the anti-slavery basis.

Dr. Roy said: "Their testimony had been incorporated into their organic law. It did not hurt us to be called the 'nigger' church and the pastor the 'nigger' preacher. During that pastorate of five years in the heart of the anti-

slavery conflict I preached against the Dred Scott decision upon the perpetuity of fredom in Kansas, notwithstanding the atrocities which had been enacted there. The fire of the discourse came from the burning embers of the city of Lawrence, of Ossawattomie and many private homes."

Just before this Mr. Roy had made a tour of the territory of Kansas, traveling with Governor Robinson for a couple of weeks, he making the political speeches and Roy the abolition. The first "Pilgrim" letter was written from Kansas at this time. On the tour, as Governor Robinson and his secretary were making their way toward Fort Scott for an appointment, learning that the border ruffians were in force there, they were obliged to turn aside and in doing so got lost. Wandering about until late in the evening, they were guided into a grove by the cackling of geese and the barking of dogs. There they begged the privilege of the settler to lie down upon the hearth of his one-roomed cabin with their feet to the fire, and their supper consisted of flapjacks and pork. By daylight they were up and Mr. T. J. Marsh, treasurer of the Emigrant Aid Society, and also of the State of Massachusetts, handed out a five dollar gold piece to the mistress of the cabin. Coming to their destination for the Sabbath appointment, they told where they

had spent the night and were informed that that was the home of one of the worst border ruffians in the country, and that if he had known the bigness of the game he had in his house he would have routed the neighbors and taken his guests prisoners. But they had escaped out of the snare of the fowler and they quoted for their delectation the words of the Psalmist, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

As Mr. Roy and the Massachusetts officials returned from their campaign they had a public reception in the city of Lawrence. Senator James Lane presided, and introduced Dr. Roy as "The fighting preacher—the sort we love."

In 1857 he participated in a Fourth of July celebration in Chicago, when the cornerstone was laid of the original Chicago University. The speaker was Stephen A. Douglas. Dr. Roy protested against accepting an invitation to offer prayer in connection with an address by Senator Douglas, but being pressed to accept, and having warned those who invited him what might be the scope of his prayer, he prayed as his heart and convictions prompted him to do. He prayed that the time might come when the slave would rejoice in the blessing of freedom and share in the celebration of America's Independence Day. Senator Douglas already knew young Roy and had de-

nounced certain statements which the young preacher had made in a Kansas sermon. But the prayer troubled him more than the sermon had done and he cut short his address that day, with the excuse that his throat was sore. The Chicago papers commented upon the speech the next day and said "Roy's prayer gave Douglas bronchitis."

On the night of the day when John Brown was hung, Dr. Roy held a rousing public meeting in Plymouth Church, addressed by John Wentworth and Robert Collier, and on every occasion when the slavery question was prominent he was a leading figure. When colored men, making their way to Canada, were pursued in Chicago, he was called into counsel and protected them and helped them on. During this time he met John Brown in one of his journeys through the city, and all his life he honored that heroic zealot. When President Lincoln was holding back the emancipation proclamation, Dr. Roy and Dr. Patton organized a meeting, and Dr. Roy circulated a petition which Dr. Patton took to Washington. It was while a meeting for prayer was in progress, after Dr. Patton returned, that the news came that the emancipation proclamation was made public, and the two young Chicago pastors were given reason to believe that their effort had had weight with Mr. Lincoln.

When, therefore, the war was over, and the American Missionary Association looked for a field agent who could care for the little cluster of churches it had organized in the west and centering about Chicago, there was no man better trained for the work required than Joseph E. Roy. And when, later, he was needed for a great and growing work in the South, he accepted the call as one for which his whole life had been a providential preparation.

And yet those years in the South were years of trial. They involved ostracism, petty persecution, and real sacrifice. It was one thing to preach in favor of the negro in Chicago, and quite another thing to live with his family in the midst of people who but lately had been slaves and to encounter scorn and ostracism from their former masters. Yet this the proud-spirited man bore, not only uncomplainingly, but with a cheerful optimism which was characteristic of his whole life.

Under the fostering care of the American Missionary Society rose not only common schools, but colleges and universities for the education of the freedmen. One of these, Atlanta University, was in the city where he made his southern home. The colored students of Atlanta leveled off the breastworks thrown up by the army of the Confederates and dug down through the relics of

war to lay the foundations of the institution whose mission was one of peace and righteousness. At Nashville, Tennessee, Fisk University came into being through the same agency, and its colored singers made the slave melodies of the South a part of the world's heritage of sacred song. Straight University, Tillotson Institute, Tougaloo University, and other institutions of higher learning planned the permanent work of the Association in the Gulf States, and send their students out as a leavening force throughout the whole South. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the influence of the graduates of these institutions for good. Some of the large schools for colored people which have since grown up in the South, like Tuskegee, drew their trained leaders, in great measure, from the graduates of these institutions. The teachers and preachers and faithful guides of a new generation of black people were trained in the schools of the A. M. A.

Dr. Roy entered into this expanding work with broad vision and profound sympathy; and when, later, the American Missionary Association extended its work to Hawaii on the west, and to Porto Rico on the east, the expansion was not too great for his patriotic spirit. The work never grew tame or commonplace to him. To the end of his life he was re-writing his lectures, collecting new material, telling the story of the growing

work of the Society which he so loved, and telling it always with patriotic fervor and profound religious sympathy.

In view of a work so varied as Dr. Roy successfully accomplished, one must be impressed with the dignity and value of a single life. The high regard in which Dr. Roy was held by the colored people of the South testifies to his sacrificial devotion to their interests. He was among the last of those truly large, broad-minded, wide-visioned men who espoused an unpopular cause in its beginnings and consecrated themselves in full-hearted sincerity and without question to the oppressed and to their uplifting. Dr. Roy was simply revered among the colored people of the South. He not only had their absolute confidence, but the abundant wealth of their affection. His friendship for these needy, persecuted people began at the very start of his career, continued throughout his life of abundant service, and the gratitude of these humble people is a halo round his memory.

Dr. Roy's friendship for the colored man had been put to the test in the very beginning of his ministry, and it stood that test then and ever afterward. The courage and devotion of his wife were one with his in all those experiences. Dr. and Mrs. Roy spent the winter of 1860-1 at the

Orient Hotel, on State street, Chicago. The cook was a colored man who had bought his freedom, and then had assisted his wife to escape from slavery. She was a comely, virtuous mulatto woman, who worked in the hotel laundry. One day in February, 1861, a United States marshal came to the hotel, accompanied by a literal bloodhound, and demanded the surrender of the woman. The proprietor of the hotel was a Democrat, and far from being an abolitionist, but the thought of surrending a woman to be returned to slavery was one he could not endure. Detaining the marshal for a few moments, he sent the laundress to Mrs. Roy's room. She hurried the fugitive into a large closet, moved a tall secretary against the closet door, and hung a picture above the desk. Soon the bloodhound tracked the woman to the room, and to the desk, where he pawed and growled, but the marshal saw no place where she could be hidden. Mrs. Roy sat calmly sewing, and met all inquiries with permission to search as much as they liked. The bloodhound returned after an interval, and as before paid special attention to the secretary, but the officer did not cause it to be moved. Forty-eight hours the woman hid in the closet, and was released when the officer and the dog were well out of Chicago. It is said to have been the last time that a bloodhound was brought to Chicago to track a fugitive slave.

Dr. Roy's work for the freedmen is an open book, known and read of all men. From the outset he favored industrial education among the colored people, and his vision of their future was as discriminating as it was full of hope. He had faith in the improvability of men, and was ever the friend of those whose need was greatest.

Dr. Roy was one of the first to favor the entrance of the American Missionary Association into the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee. Friend as he was of the black man, he was an ardent lover of his own race as well; and his heart kindled when he expressed his large faith in those stalwart, loyal men and women of the American highlands. These, no less than the freedmen, the Indians, the Chinamen and the men of Hawaii and Porto Rico, owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Roy.

Those who knew Dr. Roy in his southern work know with what unreserved devotion he threw himself into every portion of it. He was unsparing of effort and unfailing in resource. His sympathy was as ready as his judgment was true. It is impossible to speak of the work he performed in other than superlative terms, or to characterize in any ordinary phraseology the love which he inspired.

## IV. THE MAN OF PROPHETIC VISION.

Dr. Roy has left to us an unusual quantity of material by which his opinions may be judged at various stages of his career. He spoke much and he wrote much, and what he wrote he preserved. His Pilgrim Letters number over seven hundred and cover more than thirty years of a very active life. Beside these, he printed many occasional addresses and historical reviews, and these he collected and bound into volumes, making a considerable library.

There is nothing of the theorist in these papers. From first to last they are practical. They were called forth by definite issues, and in almost every case were prepared for specific occasions. He wrote no books or pamphlets from mere pride of authorship. Several of his essays were gathered by him and bound in manuscript and in newspaper clippings into a volume which he entitled "The Footsteps of the Pilgrims Across the Continent," but he never published it as a work of literature. His writings all were prepared because there was a specific occasion for them.

But while these show that Dr. Roy was no visionary, they show him as a man of vision. While he was still a young pastor, the Atlantic cable was laid. August 6, 1858, was the date of the first message, and his sermon of August 8

was preached on "Christianity, the end of all Progress in Science," with the cable as its leading illustration, and the prediction that such discoveries must bring the world into closer federation till the reign of peace is established.

Before this, in 1856, he preached a sermon which was printed, on "Kansas; Her Struggle and Her Defense," declaring that freedom must come, but would come through a great upheaval. His text was, "And at the time of the end shall the king of the South push at him, and the king of the North shall come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots and with horsemen, and with many ships, and shall enter into the countries, and shall overflow and pass over." Some of the passages in this sermon burn with prophetic fervor, and show a wonderful comprehension of the conditions of that day, which were to make the conditions of the terrible and glorious years that followed, when out of the strife came peace and freedom.

In 1867 he printed a pamphlet entitled, "Talladega: the First Industrial School Among the Negroes," in which he set forth the then new doctrine that the Negro to be trained for citizenship must be educated in body and mind, the hand and the soul receiving discipline together.

When it was proposed that the higher branches be eliminated from the A. M. A. schools in the mountains, he withstood the movement, which

was pressed by a number of "practical" business men, Dr. Roy declaring that the mountain youth needed a leadership that was worthy of the best.

In 1893, at the World's Columbian Exposition, he was made president of the African Congress. His opening address was a noble utterance, interpreting the congress in its moral influence. He said:

"We have no votes to cast, no authority to wield, no diplomacy to exploit. But we have the means of generating moral sentiment, and that is the power behind the throne."

He then proceeded to tell what the Christian world might do, through its moral influence alone, to better conditions of trade and moral uplift in Africa, in the obliteration of the slave trade, the prohibition of the sale of rum to natives, and the securing of justice in matters of trade with African races.

He who reads these publications and the manuscript addresses that were never published is impressed with the sanity and vision of their author. He was never carried away by his enthusiasms. He was always the practical man, with his feet on the solid earth; but he walked erect, and looked straight on, and from the elevation of his practical experience and his confident trust in God and his fellow men, he saw the future in the light

of that faith which is the substance of things hoped for.

As his years increased, he became more and more an authority on the periods of history which he had known and studied. He contributed a valuable chapter to Dr. Dunning's History of Congregationalism; he delivered historical addresses before the Illinois General Association and other bodies. But his life was in the present and his hope was for the future. The backward look along the way which God had led him and the world but steadied the vision with which he looked forward to better things to come.

### V. THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

In 1871 Dr. Roy removed to Oak Park, making his home at 8 Elizabeth Court. He united with the First Church, which he had helped to organize, and of that church he remained a member for thirty-seven years. He was an enthusiastic member and a loyal supporter of the church he so dearly loved, and his love for it was returned abundantly. During the last nine years of his life the pastor of the church was one who had begun his ministry in the southern mountains while Dr. Roy was field superintendent, and with whom he had enjoyed happy relations throughout a period of years. In this church Dr. Roy had repeated evidence of the love of the community.

At the time of his golden wedding, June 21, 1903, Dr. Roy preached a sermon in the First Church from the text, "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year" (Lev. xxv, 10), which was heard with appreciation by a large congregation. At the time of his retirement from active service in the American Missionary Association, the church held a reception in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Roy and presented them a fine set of books which he loved to read so long as he was able to read at all.

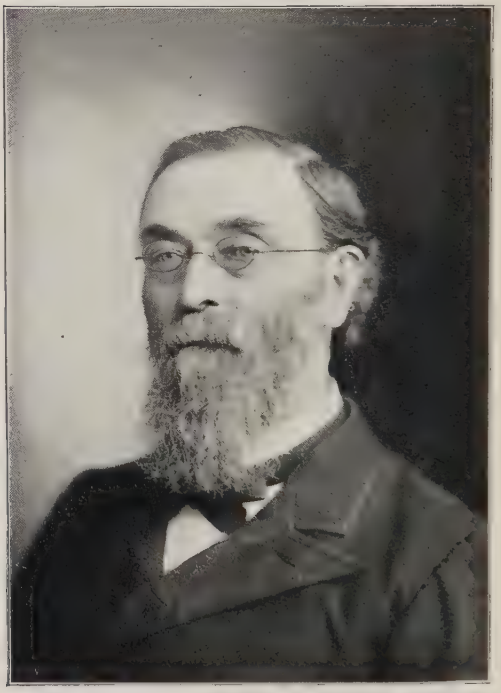
Dr. Roy was not permitted to doubt the affection which his neighbors and co-workers sustained for him. One of the last of many pleasant occasions which he shared was his eightieth birthday, when a company of workers in the American Missionary Association called, with other friends, and presented him a fine steel engraving of Abraham Lincoln. The gift was as acceptable to him as the spirit which prompted it was delightful, and he enjoyed the memories of the occasion to the end of his life.

The golden wedding sermon was full of tender reminiscences and pervaded by a thoroughly characteristic hopefulness. In it he said:

"We are taught to pray: 'Our Father who art in heaven.' If He is our Father we are His children. There can be no higher honor than to be named the children of such a Father. As His children we are made in His image of reason, of

feeling, of will, by which we can have communion with Him. Not only the individual member of the household is so related, but the family has Him for Father just as much. Then there is the breath of such a family. 'I bow my knees unto the Father, from whom every family in heaven and every family on earth is named.'

" 'The Family *in heaven.*' The spirits of just such men made perfect—not the angels, but our own kith and kin—all the redeemed both in heaven and in earth. They are all one Family and are all of one community—a great and glorious brotherhood. Part are in heaven—near the throne; part are in distant worlds; part are redeemed and glorified spirits; part are in the church on earth, but all are united as one family having one Head and one Father. This family will yet be gathered together in heaven, and will encompass the throne of their common Father. Households will be reunited. Their members will be clothed with their spiritual bodies, to be recognized of one another, to have perfect communion! They will have a service congenial and unending —such service as Moses and Elijah had, who came back to this earth a deputation from heaven with greetings for the Son of God, with inquiry concerning the decease which He was to accomplish at Jerusalem. Surely this will be a royal family. We talk of all being sovereigns in our country.



REV. JOSEPH E. ROY, D.D., 1903.

MRS. JOSEPH E. ROY, 1903.

In that country we shall all be kings and priests unto God. What condescension of the Infinite Father! What honor to such children, to such a family. And the earthly family may be a miniature of the heavenly. In our country we begin to talk about training diplomats, consuls, ambassadors, commissioners, for their several public functions. In our own households we may be training our families for such embassies and deputations, for such a heavenly citizenship.

"In view of such divine ordainment and authority of the family the conclusion seems clear that the unfolding of God's Providence through only a family period of fifty years may afford occasion for grateful, reverent, stimulating recognition in matters of domestic and public interest.

"That a family should be continued through the years of a jubilee, or from 1853 to 1903, is a fact commonly observed by appreciative friends, and we thank our pastor and our people for such attentions today. It takes two-thirds of our three score and ten to reach a golden wedding. With all one risks of the cutting off of life it is a rare favor of Providence that both companions are spared to love and serve one another, their children, their children's children, their generation and their God. Since the day of marriage what a sifting has gone on! It is a procession of associates and of friends that have passed on. Of

schoolmates, how many have fallen away! It begins to seem lonely. How many in whom we have taken delight, how many to whom we have been accustomed to resort for confidential advising, are silent now? Our colony on the other side is thickening in. It is a goodly company. We are anticipating reunion."

These memories of friends departed did not weaken his spirit of hopefulness. He said, as he neared the close of his sermon:

"Let us not say 'the former days were better than these.' My friends, has not the unfolding of God's Providence through only one fifty-year period of domestic life given us all occasion for a grateful, reverent, stimulating recognition of his abounding goodness to us in the midst of our respective periods of wedded life?"

At the time of this celebration a friend wrote the following lines, which he enjoyed:

## GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Leviticus, 25:10.

"Hallow the fiftieth year," so Moses said;
For they who half a century have been led
By God's good hand along life's upward slope,
Reaching at length this golden crest of hope,
Full well may pause and glance a moment back;
Then, thankful, take again the upward track.

"Hallow the fiftieth year!" the year of gold,
By bards and prophets heralded of old!
Life's rosary of half a hundred years
Told, one by one, with joys and prayers and tears,
Meets now in this, which clasps the holy chain,
And in this hour you live them all again!

"Hallow the fiftieth year!" Servants of God,
Who life's long road together thus have trod.
Your children rise and honor you today,
Friends with this golden milestone mark your way.
So long a path for two to walk as one!
And yet but yesterday these years begun!

"Hallow the fiftieth year!" God grant you still
Years with us yet to work His holy will.
Then countless centuries in the land of bliss,
When God has given you all the joy of this!
There fifty years shall seem a moment's play—
For there a thousand years count but a day.

### VI. THE SUNSET AND THE AFTERGLOW.

For several months prior to his death Dr. Roy was in failing health, but cherished to the last his cheerful spirit, his trust in God and his love for all good things. He maintained through his sickness that appreciation and hopefulness which had characterized his whole life; and at length,

full of years, blessed of God and honored by his fellow men, he closed his earthly career, and his works do follow him.

The surviving members of Dr. Roy's family are his widow, his daughters, Mrs. F. A. Gillette, Oak Park; Mrs. E. C. Ellis, of Kansas City; Mrs. F. V. Stevens, Yankton, S. D., and his son, Joseph H. Roy, of Oak Park.

The funeral of Dr. Roy took place at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, March 8, 1908, in the main auditorium of the First Congregational Church of Oak Park, conducted by the pastor, assisted by a number of prominent clergymen.

The service began with Chopin's "Funeral March" and ended with Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," both rendered by the organist, Mr. William E. Zeuch.

The pallbearers were Messrs. Willis S. Herrick, Clarence S. Pellet, Henry W. Austin, Harold H. Rockwell, Percy W. Blackmer and Theodore M. Kerkhoff. Twelve of the most prominent citizens of Oak Park acted as honorary pallbearers: Messrs. E. W. Lyman, S. W. Packard, E. H. Pitkin, D. J. Kennedy, W. F. Furbeck, George Walker, A. T. Heminway, William Spooner, George Eckart, O. D. Allen, W. H. Kerkhoff and W. F. Van Bergen. Mr. D. D. Garcelon acted as chief usher.

The following ministers participated: Rev.

Messrs. William E. Barton, J. C. Armstrong, A. H. Armstrong, E. M. Williams, C. M. Morton, A. N. Hitchcock, M. B. Williams, Simeon Gilbert, C. J. Ryder, W. A. Bartlett, F. N. White, Thomas McClelland and H. J. Ferris. These thirteen ministers met the coffin at the church door and preceded it to the chancel, the pastor reading the burial service. The choir sang "Saved by Grace," a favorite hymn of Dr. Roy and of the family. The scripture was read by Rev. A. N. Hitchcock, secretary of the American Board, whose office for many years has been next door to that of Dr. Roy; and prayer was offered by his time-honored friend, Rev. E. M. Williams. Mr. Laurence M. Sturtevant sang Mendelssohn's "Be Thou Faithful unto Death."

Four addresses followed, treating of different phases of the life of Dr. Roy. The first was by Rev. C. J. Ryder, of New York City, who spoke of Dr. Roy's work in the American Missionary Association. The second was by President Thomas McClelland, of Knox College, of which Dr. Roy was the oldest living graduate and trustee. The third was by Rev. Frank N. White, of Union Park Church, Chicago, whose parents had been friends of the family of Dr. Roy in their childhood home.

The closing address was by Dr. Barton and related itself to Dr. Roy's service here and else-

where. A closing prayer was offered by Rev. Simeon Gilbert, D. D.

The choir sang "For all thy saints who from their labors rest," and hundreds of friends and neighbors passed for a last look at a face long loved in Oak Park.

A special train conveyed the family and friends to Graceland, where Drs. Barton and Ryder conducted the burial service. A very touching incident occurred at the grave. A group of colored people, led by a woman who had once belonged to the Fisk Jubilee Singers, sang as the coffin was lowered into the grave, "Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home." No event of the day was more simply appropriate than this tender hymn of the black people, for whom he had labored so many years.

At the age of seventy-six Dr. Roy was asked if he was still an optimist, and why. He was also asked to state in writing something of the ruling purpose of his ministry. This was what he wrote, and it is worthy to be remembered by those who loved him:

"In my fifty years of preaching I have learned to adhere to the same message: God, a sovereign; man, a sinner; Christ, the Son of God, a Saviour by his vicarious sacrifice; the Holy Spirit, the regenerator, the sanctifier; the gospel of Christ, the means for the redemption of the world; the word

of God, the revelation of his character and the chart of redemption. I have learned as to the method of preaching to care more for the facts of the salvation scheme than for the philosophical analysis of it. I have learned to take the proved results of scholarship and of science as in harmony with the Divine Word, and I have given my own thought and labor for the uplifting of men. I am an optimist, because I have faith in the purpose of God—a purpose expressed in his Word and confirmed by the progress of the world under his guidance."

This was the faith in which he lived and wrought, and faith like this does not die.

W. E. B.

Oak Park, Easter, 1908.

## AN AMERICAN WITHOUT GUILE.

ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL BY REV. FRANK NEWHALL WHITE, D. D., PASTOR OF UNION PARK CHURCH, CHICAGO.

---

My only justification for taking part in this service is a personal relation; a relation so personal that it all but deprives me of the power of speech; for I feel struggling with me for expression voices of sainted spirits that, in the days of their flesh, were members of the New England colony that established themselves on the banks of the Rock River in Whiteside County of this state—Dr. Roy's early home. What I have to say, therefore, will be in the nature of a personal tribute.

My first word is this: Our good friend seemed to me the living embodiment, the walking definition of spirituality or spiritual-mindedness. I fear that, as we think of that fine quality, we often have in mind only its caricature. When we try to give it form, we are apt to think, not of some robust, vigorous worker, but of some pale,

wan person, consumptively inclined, laid aside from daily work and spending his declining years with clasped hands and averted eyes. Or if we are familiar with art, we think not of some Apollo Belvidere, some Venus of Melos, some Winged Victory of Samothrace, but of the saints and angels of Fra Angelico, with their attenuated bodies, their pallid faces, their transparent hands, and rapt eyes fixed upon the uplifted crucifix. And so it has become possible for us to misunderstand and even to caricature, in thought and speech, what is really the finest thing in the world—spirituality. If we had consulted our Bible instead of these pitiful caricatures, we should not have gone so far astray. To be spiritually-minded, says Paul (who, for broad, varied interests, and for heroic, effective living, stands all but supreme among men)—to be spiritually-minded is *life*. That is to say, when you have spirituality you really live. Until you have it you have not begun to live. To the extent that you lack it you are not living; you are only going through the motions of living. Whatever else spirituality may or may not be, it is at least life in its broadest interpretation and its highest expression—life substantial, contagious and abounding. Its head may be in the clouds, but its feet are on the solid earth, and it looks to every point of the compass. Can we find better definition for

it than this: Spirituality is that rare transforming atmosphere surrounding the man who lives with "a vivid sense of unseen realities and a firm trust in the living God"; in a word, "endures as seeing him who is invisible." Spirituality—what is it? It is the visible saturated with the invisible. It is the seen shot through and through with the unseen. It is the finite and the perishable carrying the atmosphere and the fragrance of the infinite and the imperishable. It is earth linked to heaven; it is man plus the living God. To my mind, our good friend bodied forth in flesh and blood spirituality of this robust, heroic type—the finest trait that can characterize children of God.

Another trait springing from and naturally allied with this strong spirituality was guilelessness. Of him it might have been said, much as Jesus said of Nathaniel, "Behold an American, a child of God, in whom there is no guile; a soul unsullied, free from stain." If anyone in his presence ventured on a harsh criticism or a severe disparagement of another, there would be no rebuke but that of an eloquent and effective silence. He seemed to see no evil and to hear no evil, and he spoke no evil. If he saw evil, there were no ominous and sinister shadows thrown upon the limpid, pellucid waters of his soul. If he heard evil, it produced no dissonance nor

jangling in his voice. Certain it is that he spoke no evil. And the secret of it all must have been that he thought no evil. For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and also out of the quality of the heart it is that the mouth keeps significant silence. There was in him the love that suffereth long and is kind, that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, behaveth not itself unseemly, *thinketh no evil;* the love that believeth all things, beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; the love that never fails. Surely if there be, or ever were, a Holy Grail, our true knight Sir Galahad saw and followed the gleam. But with him it was not as with the one who caught the vision in days of old; it did not lead him away to a secluded nook to spend his remaining days in pious meditation and ecstasy; it sent him back rather among his fellows to point and lead his brother to the same ravishing vision divine.

I cannot close without mentioning one other trait that held me under its spell—his chivalry and knighthood. We have often had occasion to notice how neighbors and friends going to the South-land and living for a while in that atmosphere, have returned with a changed angle of vision, a different perspective, actually apologizing for deeds of injustice, of oppression and violence, which can be mentioned only with a blush

of shame. Our friend's vision was never distorted nor dimmed. He saw straight and far and true. His note was never muffled. He knew no compromise, as a chivalrous champion of the age-long victim of wrong. One thing he knew, and that alone—brotherhood that comes by way of the cross. I have spoken of him as our modern Sir Galahad, whose strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure. Better still, he was our modern Bayard, knight without fear and without reproach.

## A FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

TRIBUTE BY REV. CHARLES J. RYDER, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK.

---

Dr. Ryder spoke at the funeral with special reference to Dr. Roy's work for the American Association. The address was not written, but much that was contained in it found later expression in a resolution adopted by the executive committee of the American Missionary Association, and conveyed to the family:

"Rev. Joseph Edwin Roy, D. D., district secretary emeritus of the American Missionary Association, died in his home at Oak Park, Ill., on Wednesday, March 4, 1908. Dr. Roy for many years had held a large place in the counsel and active administration of the American Missionary Association. Few men were better known among the churches, either in the North or South, than was this strong and genial secretary. No one who has ever served the churches was more honored, esteemed and loved than he. The conditions of

his life and public service were somewhat peculiar and varied.

"He was born in Martinsburg, Ohio, on February 7, 1827. At the time of his death, therefore, he was just a month more than eighty-one years of age. His early life was spent in Ohio and Illinois, in regions in which the great anti-slavery movements stirred not only the churches and the political parties, but also the family circle of every home. The object lessons of the negroes escaping from the cruelties of southern slavery were most impressive to the boy and lad, and these were frequent. Young Roy early developed scholarly tendencies, and after preparatory study in an academy he entered Knox College in Illinois, from which he graduated in 1848 at the early age of twenty-one. From his earliest youth he was deeply interested in the anti-slavery movement, his father's house being a station on the Underground Railway. Five years later he graduated from Union Theological Seminary. While a student in the seminary he frequently spoke in the interests of the American Missionary Association in the churches in and about New York. After graduation he immediately took appointment under the American Missionary Association in a small church in Illinois which stood for the brotherhood of man as really as the fatherhood of God. A brief service in this church at Brim-

field showed the stuff that was in the young preacher and opened a call to the Plymouth Church in Chicago. From this pulpit Mr. Roy became district secretary of the American Missionary Association for the Western District in 1868. He had supervision of some seventy-five churches planted in the Northwest, who, like the church at Brimfield, desired to register their loyalty to the same principle of the gospel, the brotherhood of man. It was a time when pro-slavery influence seemed to dominate some of our churches and even benevolent societies; and the progressive, earnest, freedom-loving churches of the West and Northwest sought rather the supervision of the association that did not compromise with slavery. After a time, as Dr. Roy put it, 'The other societies all swung into line,' and the churches with the district secretary were transferred.

"Secretary Roy in 1878 was called to the field superintendency of the American Missionary Association, with residence at Atlanta, Ga. It was a delicate and difficult administration. The great mass of negroes were still children creeping out from the darkness of slavery into the light of the new day. The southern white people were still bitter over the defeat of the war and many of them cruel and brutal toward the negroes. Superintendent Roy had to convince the negroes of

his sincere friendship for them in order to lead them in wholesome methods. He must also make the impression upon the critical whites of the South, of the sterling, earnest, honest, simple-minded Christian that he was. That he did both his splendid superintendency proves.

"In 1885 he was appointed district secretary of the American Missionary Association again in Chicago and served in this place until in 1903, when he retired and as secretary emeritus has been more or less busy in the work which held his heart for all these years.

"Dr. Roy was a Christian diplomat. He was a peacemaker because he loved peace. He was a statesman. One of the important events in the history of the American Missionary Association, the mission to the interior of Africa, greatly interested Dr. Roy, he having the correspondence with Secretary of State James G. Blaine, as Dr. Strieby, the corresponding secretary, was temporarily called away from the office. Superintendent Roy managed the correspondence with wisdom and skill, and as a result Dr. H. M. Ladd and Dr. Snow received a commission from the British government to go up the Nile to study the conditions of the native tribes.

"In all the fellowship of the office Dr. Roy's judgment was held in high esteem. Throughout the entire field, North and South, men honored

this sterling, courageous but gentle disciple of the Master, who partook of his spirit in daring righteousness and in gentle and generous judgment of his fellow men.

"CHAS. A. HULL,
"Chairman.
"WILLIAM HAYES WARD,
"Recording Secretary."

## AS HIS COLLEGE REMEMBERS HIM.

ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL BY PRES. THOMAS M'CLELLAND, D. D., OF KNOX COLLEGE.

---

Knox College was founded by a group of men who believed in education for the leaders of the new commonwealth which they were helping to build. Its opportunities and ideals appealed to young men of the stamp of Joseph E. Roy, and these came to it, and still come, for their life preparation.

Dr. Roy was our oldest living alumnus. Had he lived until June of the present year, he would have been graduated sixty years. There are no memories of his student days by those who knew him then, for all these have preceded him. He remained alone of his generation. Yet this we know, that from the days when he entered the college as a freshman down to the day of his death, Knox College loved and honored him. He has been for many years on our Board of Trustees, and was our oldest trustee. All gatherings of the college which he attended were the richer for his

presence there; and he bore to a rich old age the honors which gathered upon him during the years.

It is fitting that my word here should be a brief one, but it is none the less sincere and hearty. I express the sympathy of our faculty, our trustees, our alumni, one and all, when I say that Knox College shares with the wide circle of his friends the respect and affection belonging to our honored alumnus and trustee. His integrity, his wisdom, his experience, his faith, all these made us love him. I pay him a tribute of affection on behalf of an institution that has known and claimed him for three score years.

# A SERVANT OF GOD AND OF HIS GENERATION.

ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL BY REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D., PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAK PARK, ILLINOIS.

---

"For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." Acts xiii., 36.

Several times during the last three years Dr. Roy discussed the subject of his own funeral. Some of the directions which he first gave he afterward modified, especially after the funeral of his dear friend and neighbor, Dr. Humphrey. In choosing the men who were to speak at his funeral, he recognized that some of them might be, as some of them are, at too great distance to participate, and he named a large group of his friends, a number of them young men, any one of whom he would have been glad to have speak here. But he wished that there might be short addresses concerning his work, his personal relations, and his love for this church and community;

and the men who are to speak these words are the men he chose. He also desired that if possible his friend, Dr. Savage, who with him organized this church, should be asked to offer a prayer at the service. Dr. Savage, at the age of ninety, is unable to be here. We are obeying Dr. Roy's instructions in these matters, and in what we say or do beyond them, we are following our own hearts.

Dr. Roy did not expect that I would preach a funeral sermon. But he desired that I should use a text, and the text I have chosen is one that he approved: "David, after he had served his own generation, by the will of God, fell on sleep."

It belongs to other speakers to tell how Dr. Roy served his generation in his work for home missions and the American Missionary Association; how mightily he wrought for the planting and encouragement of churches in Illinois, and afterward in the Southland; how his 'Pilgrim Letters,' in a day more provincial than this, interpreted to the East the growing spirit of the West and South, and helped to knit our religious life into unity. In all this, and the great and unrecorded work of advice and sympathy and fellowship; in the uplifting of the black man; in the exercise of a great-hearted and unfailing kindness, Dr. Roy served his generation.

It was my good fortune to know Dr. Roy when

he was in the midst of this service a quarter century ago, and by him to be welcomed into the ministry, a ministry to the stalwart people of the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee. The sweet fellowship of these later years continued a friendship of much longer standing, and permitted some knowledge of the magnitude of his service.

Dr. Roy was never so much at home as in those years when he was seldom at home; never more truly himself than when he had no time to think of himself; never more happy than when he was racing the country over, sleeping, as he facetiously said, "in a thousand beds a year." He met the problems of a great parish, extending from the Ohio to the Gulf, with decision and sympathy and gentleness. When I submitted to him the question of my own entrance into the ministry, and questioned whether I had a call to preach, his answer was so prompt and unhesitating as almost to silence all misgiving:

"You are as certainly called to preach in the mountains as Paul was to preach to the Gentiles." There was something prophetic in the way in which he put his hand on young men and made them sure of their work and the motive which was to inspire it.

I am glad to be able to tell you, from personal knowledge, of Dr. Roy's service to a large group

of men in that day. His sympathy was as ready as his judgment was sound, and his counsel was always available. Just after I had decided to go to the mountains I had a call from a small city church. I had no standard by which to judge between them, and the city was very attractive, and the mountain work, as I knew well, was hard. His sound judgment steadied my faltering resolution, and helped me to decide to go into the mountains, where I spent the first strenuous and profitable years of my ministry. The mountain work was new. I was one of its early missionaries. No man realized its promise more than Dr. Roy.

It was with great sorrow Dr. Roy gave up this field work to devote himself to work in an office. I was present at a meeting of ministers in Cincinnati, more than twenty years ago, when he announced his retirement from field work. 'I have accepted the judgment of my brethren as the will of God,' was the way he told it. It was that change which brought him back to Chicago, after an extended absence, and to this church, which he had helped to found, and of which he had been a member since 1871.

He brought back to this, his home, the fruit of wide and varied experience, and an unfailing loyalty to the friends and the church in this place. He did not like to think of himself as old;

he entered into the life of younger men, and into the plans of the present time, with ardor and enthusiasm. Traveling to and fro in the state with map and lantern, teaching a patriotism that knew no intermediate sectional lines between the encircling oceans that bound the land he loved, he proclaimed the liberty which the Pilgrims established and which Lincoln enlarged, and the faith which Christ taught and which his Church perpetuates. In journies many and long, in ministrations varied and constant, he served his generation.

During the long illness of Dr. Roy there were times of mental incertitude, body and mind failing together. He forgot the calendar, and the week had more than its proper proportion of Sundays, for his thoughts were of his work and of the services of the house of God. At the time of the forty-fifth anniversary of the organization of this church, a few weeks ago, we sent him a message, and the joy of that message was with him in his very last moments of coherent thinking.

Seven years before, on the occasion of our thirty-eighth anniversary, Dr. Roy delivered an address which went back to the beginnings of our church life and to the organization in which he had so large a part. This address, written at the time, was brought out a few weeks ago, and, with a few statistics changed to bring certain

totals down to date, was furnished to the local press. Dr. Roy was greatly pleased with the publication of that address. The seven years' interval had no place in his thought. He heard the address again as joyfully as if he had just delivered it. In spirit he lived it all over and rejoiced with us.

On the Saturday night before he died a storm was raging, with thunder and lightning. He was restless, and at times lapsed into unconsciousness. He joined in a prayer that was offered for him, and when he was reminded that the next day would be Sunday, and that his friends in the church would think of him, he groped for a moment to find the pleasant thought that had been much with him. "I received a message—" he said, and that was as far as he got; but even then, in the last hour in which he was capable of understanding its meaning, he was happy in the message which his church had sent to him—a message of affection that looked back over forty-five years and forward to the long eternity.

Dr. Roy was fond of telling the story of the colored man who was asked whether he was an optimist or a pessimist, and who replied that he was a "possumist." Dr. Roy liked the little smile which the story provoked. And then he was wont to add that the word "possumist" might properly be derived from the Latin "posse," and mean

"We are able." Dr. Roy was willing to stand with the black man in faith in his ability to be a man. Dr. Roy was an optimist because he believed in God. He was an optimist again because he believed in men—in black men and in white men; in good men and in bad men. He believed in manhood, in democracy, in brotherhood.

That faith in God which gave him faith in men, that love of humanity whose passion he discerned in Jesus Christ, Dr. Roy both taught and practiced through the fourscore years of his manly, devoted and sweet-spirited life. He believed it and he lived it, and thereby he served his generation. He erected for himself a monument in manhood, erect and facing the dawn. He taught the truths which his own age needed, and lived the truths he taught. And, having served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

## A MAN AND A MINISTER.

A TESTIMONIAL PREPARED BY REV. F. A. NOBLE, D. D., AND ADOPTED BY THE MINISTERS' UNION OF CHICAGO, MARCH 16, 1908.

---

It is a delight and an inspiration to contemplate a life which has been large and sweet and true. It is a solace to the heart when smitten with bereavement to recall the virtues of one with whom we have been permitted to walk in the fellowship of love and service. The man of God who has gone out from us, but to whom we pay tribute today, was a clean soul, strong and brave to meet the demands of every situation in which he was placed. It is a duty which we owe to ourselves, as well as an act of justice and affection to him, to pause long enough to put on record our estimate of the value of the work he did, and our sense of the excellency of his character.

Dates of birth and death, and other turning points in the career of this co-worker whom we all came to know as the clear-seeing, whole-souled, beloved and consecrated Dr. Roy, need not detain

us. Nor is it either necessary or possible to say all that might be said in his commendation. He touched us all, as he touched life, at many points; and he put us under bonds of admiration and esteem on many grounds and for many reasons. It is sufficient for us here and now to know that he was a product of a persecuted Huguenot ancestry, that he was the child of a Christian home, that he decided early to be a minister of Christ, that he was educated in institutions which had been founded and built up by sacrifice, and that from first to last he was loyal to the principles and the traditions into whose inheritance he had come. The roots of his life were nourished in a soil which had been fertilized by the blood of martyrs; and the air he breathed at the fireside of the home circle was resonant with echoes of the cries of the bruised and oppressed. God knows how to fit cog and mesh in the working of the intricate machinery of his providence; and under his guidance the suffering of a victim of ecclesiastical tyranny yonder in France became in a remote offspring warm and practical sympathy with a race burdened and writhing under the iron heel of civil tyranny here in America.

An analysis of the qualities of the man makes it clear that Dr. Roy's mind was of the practical type. It was not the mind of a poet, nor of a metaphysician, nor of a scientist, nor of one who

is likely to achieve large and lasting results in the sphere of technical scholarship. It was a mind for affairs. It was the kind of mind with which actual conditions are comprehended and forces are measured, and a way is seen for bringing things to pass. He had a quick eye for ends and for means to ends. His was not the skill of the astronomer, who penetrates the far depths of space and brings back secrets from the outer bounds of the universe, but rather that of the navigator who keeps an eye on the north star and knows the use of the compass, and can turn the helm so as to get his ship past the rocks and through the storms and over the seas and safe into the desired haven. He was not a dreamer who dreamed dreams and floated in the air of speculation, and played with iridescent bubbles; he was a thinker who thought in the terms of things and of life. His thinking was veined and arteried with common sense. He did not have the genius of Benjamin Franklin, nor the genius of Abraham Lincoln; but he shared in a large degree in their eminent gifts of simple every-day common sense. He had the intellectual capacity for wide excursions, but his feet were always on the solid earth. He had little taste for the thinking which ends in blind alleys. He always wanted to get somewhere and to do something. Hence

his views were sane and his conclusions trustworthy.

The uniform kindness and courtesy of the man, the warm sympathy with which his heart was always ready to flow out to those in distress and need, and the ease with which he formed lasting friendships, are not to be overlooked; but it was this practical cast of his mind which made him so efficient in the positions he occupied and so desirable an aid in things to be done. This is why the managing editors of *The Advance, The Congregationalist* and *The Independent* sought him for a correspondent. He could see things as they were and state them as they were and help good causes forward.

One has only to glance at the volume in which selections from his letters to these journals are republished to see how firm was his grip on facts and how straight his arrows sped to the mark. In his speeches there were never any flights of oratory, but one who heard him knew exactly what he was talking about, felt the force of his statements and understood what he wanted to have done. It was this same practical cast of mind which made him the man for the hour, not only in the pulpit when times were trying, but also when new institutions were to be started and new fields of Christian effort were to be entered, and new policies were to be shaped, and things

were to be done which called for the keenest sagacity as well as a superb courage. It was no child's play and no work for a mediocre brain to help launch a theological seminary, to push home missions and to take the initiative among the freedmen of the South, when he set his hand to these tasks. He had sentiment; but he was never sentimental. He had enthusing forecast; but he was never visionary. His mind was well rounded, well balanced, well disciplined; and there are few men who can see more clearly into the heart of things, or who can more accurately define the issues in church and state, than could our gentle-hearted and tenderly cherished Dr. Roy.

The moral element was a dominating force in the life of Dr. Roy. His purpose began in a profound sense of obligation to obey God, and it ran out into a profound sense of obligation to serve his fellow men. He was a wise man—politic, prudent, never offensively aggressive; but it is not difficult to conceive that in Daniel's environment he would have been a Daniel; or, in their several circumstances, a Paul or a Huss or a Hooper. It was the moral element in him which reacted on his mind and quickened his perceptions and gave a high and wholesome tone to all his plans. It was the moral element in him which led him into the ministry, and which, when he was in the min-

istry, led him to identify himself, heart and soul, with the bondmen of the land.

Dr. Roy was born, grew up, received his education and entered on his pulpit duties while yet human slavery was an institution protected by the flag of the Republic which it mocked and menaced. One whose memory does not go back to the period from 1840 to 1860, and especially to the second decade of this score of years, can have only a very inadequate idea of the thousand subtle ways in which the poisonous influences of the "peculiar institution" penetrated and perverted public opinion in the North as well as in the South. Merchants, manufacturers, editors, statesmen, ministers, all people of position and influence, were exposed to the temptation to muzzle their speech, to conquer their prejudices, and to fall in with the increasing demands of the slave-holding oligarchy. Dr. Roy said "No," and he wrote it with a capital letter. He stood for the common fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of the human race. In his creed, Christian, political and humanitarian alike, the equal rights of all men to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness was a cardinal article. From that position he never retreated. In the contests which that position invited he never flinched. Fugitives from the land of bondage always found in him a friend and helper. When the clash of

words gave way to the clash of arms, and bayonets had been forged into keys with which to unlock the doors of the terrible prison-house that, like another Black Hole of Calcutta, held three millions of human souls within its stifling walls, and the Great Proclamation had trumpeted liberty to the captive, his voice went up with the voice of the bondmen in shouts of joy, and in ascriptions of praise to the Almighty for the deliverance he had wrought.

A little later he came into closer association with the colored people of the South through his connection with the American Missionary Association; and well-nigh forty years of his life went to the upbuilding of the African race in America. The fidelity and thoroughness with which he did his work in this field of service, the courage with which he met and overcame difficulties, the patience with which he endured the scoffs and scorn and ostracism of the white population about him when with his family he was living at Atlanta, and the cords of love, stronger than hooks of steel, with which he bound to himself an emancipated race, show the genuine fiber and the moral greatness of the man. In the spirit of the Son of God he wrought for the lowly; and it would not be too much to say that few men in his generation, or in any generation, have lived more useful lives. It may be said of him, as Whittier sang of Joseph

Stuge, the English philanthropist, in the words of praise he incorporated into his fine tribute to Channing:

> "With us was one who, calm and true,
> Life's highest purpose understood;
> And, like the blessed Master, knew
> The joy of doing good."

This twain, made one, of a mind clear-visioned to practical issues, and of a moral purpose so dominating that it became a passion for usefulness, gave us the robust and wholesome personality whose loss we mourn, whose genial fellowship we enjoyed, whose memory we revere, and whose lofty example of loyalty to God and duty shall be to us an inspiration unto the end.

## AS THE CHURCHES KNEW HIM.

BY REV. SIMEON GILBERT, D. D., FORMER EDITOR OF THE ADVANCE—AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT CHICAGO ASSOCIATION, AT ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, IN THE FIRST CHURCH, CHICAGO, APRIL 20, 1908.

---

A man who knew his time; a man who served his generation; a man who throughout a long life was called of God to act the part of the boldly aggressive pioneer: the meaning of a life like his is, I believe, worth taking pains to understand.

For very many years, in all our Congregational circles in Chicago and the Interior, nothing has been more natural than fondly to mention two names in one breath, "Roy and Savage." Both, for more than half a century, have been most intimately identified with what we may fitly speak of as the Congregational Church of Chicago, especially in its more distinctively forward movements. The one, just the other day, March 3, at the age of eighty-one, dropped his "Pilgrim" staff and went home. He had long walked with God. He had loved mankind. Those who had known him

longest and best had been most impressed with the way in which he had lived the beatitudes, and had wrought them into his character. The other of the two, past ninety, is, happily, with us still, the impersonated benediction that he has ever been.

As to Dr. Roy, greatly fortunate was the life career which it was given him to enact. There was in it an unselfishness of devotion that was almost heroical, that was more than chivalric; that was in its measure peculiarly Christlike, in its prompt championship of the neediest and most outcast. And, what an age of the world it was for a man of his mold and spirit, with his vision and faculty, to have his life-work given him, and that, in closest sympathy with so many of the noblest men and women of that great epoch in our national history.

Here was indeed the "opening of a new door in heaven." And, how mightily it did appeal to this still comparatively youthful Roy, and to other men and women who, in the time of it, "*knew the time,*" and so gloriously, in the name of the Master, rose up to meet the august responsibility.

As the young pastor of the recently organized Plymouth Church, this city, fifty years ago, when Chicago was at about its most acutely vital, formative and aggressive stage of evolution, Roy had begun to discover himself, and find his mission.

Nor could any Chicagoan have been more alive to the peculiar genius alike of the place and the hour. You will hear men today, now advanced in life, tell with emotion how when they were boys, his striking and impressive personality crossed their path and his convincing words smote and wakened their souls to the great and happy decision.

It was natural that, as early as 1860, Mr. Roy was seen to be the man to represent the American Missionary Association in Chicago in its care of its then seventy or more "white" mission churches—Anti-Slavery churches they were—in various parts of the Interior, which this Freedom-loving society was aiding.

And it was equally natural, some two years later, when national conditions had changed and the American Home Missionary Society had come out onto the same basis as to any complicity with Slavery, that he should be called to the superintendency, at Chicago, of this Society in its vast *pioneering* home-mission work in this region; the work to which, with such magnificent devotion and wisdom the next following eighteen years of his life were given. Nor less natural and befitting was it that, then, Dr. Roy should be again called to the work of the "A. M. A.," in its broad-visioned and peculiarly Christ-like enterprise on behalf of the millions of the enfranchised colored

people in the South. To this cause, so congenial to his great and loving heart, the remaining nearly thirty years of his life were completely consecrated. No one who has seen Dr. Roy as he used to come before great audiences to plead for "*My People*"—as he used gloriously to call them—can forget how noble was his aspect and bearing; wide of brow, deep-chested, broad-shouldered, tall and straight, captivating and gripping sympathetic attention from the start.

Dr. Roy had a fine physical basis for his arduous life-work. Nothing seemed to tire him. A happy faculty for sleep he had whenever or wherever the time for it came. His temperamental forces and aptitudes were happily consorted. Unfailing sanity of perception and judgment went with his big, strong and tender heart. And there was equally the aspect of power and of gentleness. While he had a rare faculty for love and friendship, his friendship was never of the narrowing kind of a merely seclusive intimacy. It was too large and open and generous for that. What his behavior toward an enemy might have been was never in evidence; it is doubtful if he ever had one. To speak of him as possessed with the "enthusiasm of humanity" would but vaguely express the fact. To his mind and heart, humanity was made up of individualized personalities, each with its own infinitely interesting liabilities and

possibilities. So it was the most natural thing in the world for him to be, all through life, and that on a large scale of publicity, the champion of a majestic cause. And what a clientele it was that rose up before his vision as he went forth, all over the land, pleading, in the Master's name, for "My People."

Dr. Roy had need to be an educator, as well as an advocate. The appropriate education of the millions of colored people in fitting them for the all-round duties and privileges of American citizenship was a task which called for a high order of constructive educational genius. At this point his large and humane vision rose conspicuously to the occasion. If the work began with that pathetic hunger for the spelling-book and the Bible, soon enough the educational scope had to widen out into a whole horizon of individual, domestic, industrial, civic, and social life.

One other notable and beautiful feature in Dr. Roy's nature and character should be named. It was that which came out, with immense impressiveness, in his appreciation of the meaning, the mystery and power, of the so-called "Slave Music." For him its words, thought, imagery, sentiment, aspiration, hope, agony and joy, melody and tone, all touched and transfigured with a sort of infiniteness of meaning in the light of the Face of Jesus Christ. Nor could he ever be insensible

as he remembered how often, in lowliest Negro cabins, as the last low breath of the dying was "burdened with His Name," the very "door in heaven" seemed to open as the inner ear caught echoes of the mystic strains:

> "Swing low, sweet chariot,
> Coming for to carry me home!"

But why say all this about him, here and now? He needs no tribute from us. Had we thought to say some things before he "fell to sleep," that might have been of some use to him. But now already the Master's plaudit has transfigured his experience with the joy ineffable, unending.

This, however, is the reason: We are not indulging in mere reminiscence. We are thinking of the no less fateful problems of today, of *our* day, that it is for us now to look in the face and meet. For what surer way to waken our own *higher* sense of divine privilege, in face of conditions as we now see them, than by reminding ourselves of such a man as he, and such other men of that time, who also knew their time, and who, likewise knew, in the time of it, what to do about it—as Carpenter and Peet and Savage and Humphrey, Patton and Goodwin, Helmer and Noble, and Fisk and Bartlett and Boardman and Curtiss, and Gates and Hammond and Blatchford and Bradley and Green and Hollister, as well

as Moody and Bliss, and others of kindred spirit, whose several lives have been lived into the enduring and better life of our city and the country.

Nor, finally, let anyone imagine that, right here and now, the day for the men and women of the prophetic insight and outlook and the Christly temper, is past; or that similar appeals to the younger men and women of this great day will find them insensate. As Colonel Hammond used to say, there is an "everlasting emergency." The world, we may be sure, is not growing smaller or less interesting. Its crises, ever larger, are crowding into destiny in ever swifter succession, and a yet more tremendous fatefulness. And—lest we forget it—*today,* every day, is, as it were, "a section of the day of Judgment" in the momentousness of its issues.

We Protestants speak of two sacraments; Catholics speak of seven; the fact is, there are many. And some lives there are, and his was one of them, which always waken the sense, alike awesome and winsome, of the "Real Presence" indeed.

With perfect clarity of perception, as though it were a spiritual instinct with him, he knew his own time, and understood how he was to serve his own generation. Thus there was for him unity and no waste, power, profound felicity, a

high order of moral beauty in the total outcome, and a pervasive, illimitable beneficence, which, like the box of ointment broken at the Master's feet, went forth to "fill all the house."

Joseph E. Roy, the youth, the man, the preacher, the utterly true-hearted friend, the advocate and champion, the administrator, the born journalist, the educator on a national scale, the graciously inspired Pilgrim Greatheart, not for the colored race only but for all the depressed races, the after-glow of the "day" he served so bravely and well must linger ever in the loving memory of us all.

## A MAN AMONG HIS FELLOWMEN.

A MINUTE, PREPARED BY REV. A. N. HITCHCOCK, PH. D,. SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD, ADOPTED BY THE CHICAGO CONGREGATIONAL CLUB, MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 16, 1908.

---

Since our last meeting one has fallen from our ranks upon whose memory we shall long and fondly linger. Seldom indeed, during the quarter century that has elapsed since the organization of this club, has any event occurred which has brought so profound sorrow, such a sense of personal lonesomeness, now that he is gone from us, as has the departure of Rev. Dr. Joseph E. Roy. Graduating from Knox College, Galesburg, in 1848, at the early age of twenty-one; returning to Illinois five years later, after graduating from Union Theological Seminary; finding in this state of his adoption, in the quiet country town of Farmington, the well-chosen companion of his life; twice serving as a pastor, the first time, as was fitting, a country church in Brimfield, and then, for a longer period, Plymouth Church, Chi-

cago; then from 1860 to 1868, during the troublous times of our Civil War and the days of reconstruction, traveling and toiling night and day in the work of the Home Missionary Society; and finally finding his greatest and crowning service, during a long period of forty years, in the work of the American Missionary Association, first as superintendent in the South and then as district secretary in Chicago—the life and career of this man of God have been interbraided to an extraordinary degree into the growing life of this broad interior. We who assemble here tonight, bereaved and lonely because he is no longer with us, cannot refrain from bringing, in memory of him, a sincere tribute of love and honor. Dr. Roy was a man in whom faults, if he had any, were rare, and whose virtues were many. Courteous, but not compromising, his was a voice which always rang true. Abounding in hope and good cheer, having a courage which never faltered, a sympathy for the lowly which gave little heed to a superficial conventionalism, with a rugged manliness which however failed not to observe the requirements of true gentility, and withal that charm of a noble character which forever refrained from speaking ill of others, he was, all in all, one of God's noblemen who has left the world poorer by his departure. We may not soon look upon his like again. May something of his

mantle fall upon us who wait a little longer, until for us, as already for him, the lengthening shadows shall fade into that day whose sun shall never set.

## AS HOME MISSIONARY SUPERINTENDENT

TRIBUTE OF THE ILLINOIS HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY BY REV. GEO. T. M'COLLUM, SUPERINTENDENT.

---

Rev. Dr. Joseph E. Roy was so long identified with the work of the American Missionary Association that not every one remembers his eighteen years of faithful service in the home missions in Illinois and adjacent states. A portion of this work was performed under the American Missionary Association, whose field at that time included churches in this district, and a part of it also under the American Home Missionary Society. Out of these early activities grew the Illinois Home Missionary Society; and its present field of labor and plan of service directly inherits the fruit of Dr. Roy's toil. The officers of the Illinois Home Missionary Society gratefully record their high and lasting appreciation of these years of foundation laying upon which we now are building. We place on record also our sense of indebtedness to the personality and the ideals of this faithful servant of God in these years of in-

timate association during which, in separate but adjacent offices, his work and ours moved side by side. We shall miss him almost as deeply as if he had continued all these years his official relations with the work of home missions in Illinois. On behalf of this society and of the churches which he helped to found and which he loved throughout the threescore years and ten since first he came to these prairies, we inscribe this grateful tribute to his imperishable memory.

## A PATRIOT AND THE SON OF PATRIOTS.

The Oak Park Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, to which Dr. Roy belonged, sent to the family the customary memorial, duly engrossed, expressing in the usual form the sympathy of the chapter. As this was an organization in which Dr. Roy had great interest, and as his own account of his revolutionary descent is both interesting and contains information of value concerning the family from which he sprang, the account is here reproduced as he prepared it for the files of the local chapter:

"My ancestry was of French Huguenot stock. Harried out of France by persecution, about 1670 they fled to Scotland for safety. In 1711 my great-great-grandfather, Joseph Roy, came over from Scotland, bringing his wife and his first-born, a son, John. They remained in Boston eleven years before removing to New Jersey. We, their descendants, came that near being Boston Yankees. Settling in Woodbridge, N. J., they remained there twenty years and then removed to

Basking Ridge in that state, which became the home of the tribe, thence to scatter westward.

"As Huguenots they were the Puritans of France, and so they naturally fell in with the English Puritans and Covenanters of this country in their aspirations for liberty and American independence. The immigrant boy, John, became, as the record says, a member of the council of the province of New Jersey from Somerset county, and the governor, with the confirmation of the council, appointed him justice of the peace for the same county, and he was found upon many committees of the colonial body. I have transmitted to my son Joseph an original warrant issued in 1768 by Justice Roy in the name of his majesty George III. of England. This 'Judge Roy,' as he was called in local parlance, became the father of five sons. Fifty-five years ago in New Jersey a Dr. Doty of Basking Ridge, a relative of the Roys, who must have been at that time 70 years old, gave me the tradition that all of the five sons of the justice went into the Revolution.

"But, leaving the tradition to go for its historic reliability, we have absolute proof that one of Judge Roy's sons was in the Revolutionary service, and that one was Joseph Roy, my great-grandfather.

"Under date of February 2, 1905, I have the

certificate of the military secretary of the war department at Washington as follows:

" 'It is shown by the records of this office that one Joseph Roy served as a private in Captain Goselin's company of Colonel Moses Hazen's regiment of Continental troops, Revolutionary war. He enlisted October 15, 1781, to serve during the war, and was discharged from the service by the commander-in-chief June 21, 1783, by reason of the close of the war.

" 'F. C. QUICK,

" 'The Military Secretary.'

"If permitted I would like to add another traditional incident, that of my great-grandfather on my mother's side.

"Joseph Davis, of Welsh extraction, living at Connecticut Farms, N. J., was plowing when British soldiers, scouring the neighborhood, entered his father's house and stole his wedding suit, which was awaiting his marriage. On the next day, leaving his plow, he went into New York and enlisted. Soon he was taken prisoner and languished awhile in New York's Black Hole. When he was discharged by the close of the war he went home with his Continental money, which was 'not worth a continental,' and with a new blanket. His fiancee, who had waited for him to get through the service, was ready to wait still longer to have the blanket cut and made into a coat, in which he was married!

"The meeting house of that patriotic settlement, Connecticut Farms, was burned as the British passed along. The pastor's wife, holding a babe in her arms, was shot dead through the breast and then the parsonage was burned. At the next village, Springfield, as the patriots were falling short of wadding, the pastor rushed into his church and brought out an armful of hymn-books and handing them over to the patriots, shouted out, 'There, boys, give them Watts.'

"My wife, in becoming a Daughter of the Revolution, claimed as entitling her to membership:

"First. The distinguished civil service rendered by her grandfather, Daniel Newcomb of Keene, N. H., as one of the supreme judges of that state, as a promoter of education and as a citizen given to the extension of social betterment.

"Second. The fact that her great-grandfather, Jonathan Newcomb, was in the old French war and was in the battle of Ticonderoga.

"Third. The fact that her other grandfather, Reuben Hatch, with the office of major, was in the service around Boston defending its port, surviving the close of the war."

The memorial of the Society is as follows:

In memory of

JOSEPH EDWIN ROY,

Born in Martinsburg, Ohio, February 7, 1827,

Died in Oak Park, Ill., March 3, 1908.

A member of

The Sons of the American Revolution

by virtue of lineal descent from Joseph Roy, born in Woodbridge, New Jersey, December 16, 1741, and died in the year 1823, and who aided in establishing the independence of the United States of America in the capacity of private in Captain Gosling's Company of Moses Hayden's Regiment of Continental troops from New Jersey.

This Memorial of Respect

was adopted by the Board of Managers on the twenty-seventh day of March, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eight, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and thirty-second.

Horace E. Horton, President.

John D. Vandercook, Secretary.

## A TRIBUTE FROM THE SOUTHLAND.

ADOPTED BY THE CONGREGATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ALABAMA.

---

Among many loving tributes from the South he loved, the following may stand as evidence of the love which he inspired:

Whereas, We have heard with profound sorrow of the death of Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D.D., for many years field secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, and for forty years connected with the American Missionary Association; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Congregational Churches of Alabama, by the pastors and delegates assembled at Talladega, in the thirty-second annual session of the Congregational Association of Alabama, do hereby affirm our high esteem for the service of Rr. Roy as rendered to the churches of our faith in the South, and our deep sense of loss in his death. As field secretary of the American Missionary Association for many years he greatly endeared himself to our struggling churches by his sympathy and cordial appreciation of our efforts,

and by the inspiring and eloquent words of encouragement he always gave us. The loving tributes to which we have this day been listening from many speakers have proved how inspiring his life and words have been to all with whom he came in contact. We desire therefore to place upon record our high appreciation of his noble character, and the great worth and ability and abiding influence of his arduous labors among us.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the surviving relatives in this bereavement; yet rejoice with them and with him in the ever living, ever growing results of his work below, and in the certainty of the glorious reward into which he has triumphantly entered above.

Resolved, That this expression of our sympathy and appreciation be entered upon our minutes, and a copy duly signed by our Moderator and Scribe be forwarded with deepest respect to the widow of our dearly beloved, highly honored and now gloriously rewarded Secretary, Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D.D.

Adopted in the meeting of the Congregational Association of Alabama this 30th day of March, 1908, at Talladega, Ala.

Edward E. Scott, Moderator.
James M. Morse, Scribe.

## OTHER TRIBUTES.

The daily newspapers of Chicago, the local newspapers of Oak Park, the religious papers of his own and other denominations, and the magazines of the several missionary societies contained tributes to the memory of Dr. Roy. In addition to these many scores of letters were received, containing words of discriminating and cordial appreciation from his friends in the ministry and from others in many walks of life. Among them all none are more prized than those from the Southland, and from the colored people, who knew how well he had wrought for them and how great was his love.

To quote from these letters and newspaper articles is impracticable in so small a volume as this, and some of them are of too personal a nature for publication. While a selection might have been made, it has been deemed better that this booklet should contain only such tributes as were paid him at his funeral, or adopted by representative bodies. All these tributes, however, are cherished by the family, and of them this grateful acknowledgment is made.

AUG 2 8 1991

BX7260.R88B3
Joseph Edwin Roy, 1827–1908
3 0629 0059375 6

BX
7260
R88B3

HAROLD ANDERSEN LIBRARY
UNIV OF WISC-WHITEWATER
WHITEWATER, WI 53190